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NO. 41.

SHUPAK

Suits
Specially
Made for
Men



For those men who crave style, who desire every radical style point of the season embodied in their clothes, to whom fashion appeals—for just such men we show a collection of Fall Woolens that will gladden their hearts

The newest worsteds in brownish, tannish, greenish, smoke and navy effects, tailored to give fit and permanent shape. Odd yet tasty pockets and cuffs on coat, with long, graceful lapels. You'll like them as you like them on others.

Will You Buy a Fall Suit?

Shupak Tailoring Company
Exclusive Tailors
Crockett and Teague

SHUPAK

PRESIDENT TAFT WILL HAVE A REPUBLICAN CONGRESS

His Party Controls Senate and House—Joe Cannon and Sereno Payne Were Re-Elected.

GREATER NEW YORK WENT FOR TAFT

Indicated by Early Returns—First Time It Ever Went Republican. Ohio, Indiana and Illinois Also for Taft—Gov. Hughes Re-Elected—Missouri Democratic.

New York, Nov. 3.—General election returns received up to midnight show the following results:

W. H. Taft is elected with approximately 298 votes.

Practically no change is indicated in the complexion of the National House, and the United States Senate will retain its present Republican majority.

Gov. Charles E. Hughes has been re-elected in New York State by about 54,000 plurality.

Indiana has gone for Taft. Bryan has apparently carried Nebraska.

Ohio returns are very slow owing to the immense ballot, but Taft has carried it by a large plurality.

Judge Taft may have a majority in the city of New York, the first time the big city has given its vote to a Republican presidential candidate.

Mr. Taft probably will receive a greater plurality in New York State than Roosevelt did four years ago. He has exceeded Mr. Roosevelt's plurality in New Jersey and had a surprisingly big vote in Massachusetts.

The Republican plurality fell off heavily in the Middle West, a matter thoroughly surprising to Republicans.

Speaker Cannon has been re-elected by his usual majority.

Representative Payne of New York and Representative Dalzell of Pennsylvania have been re-elected and the House of Representatives will probably continue under its old regime. Mr. Payne will have charge of the new tariff bill in the extra session which Mr. Taft will call immediately after March 4, next.

Missouri has returned to the "Solid South" on the presidential ticket and elected Cowherd as its governor.

The first returns today were from the labor districts in Massachusetts. The heavy pluralities indicated there for Mr. Taft seemed at once to dissipate any probability of a land slide for Mr. Bryan, as many Democrats had claimed, and the Republican managers at once began to put out claims of victory.

Returns from the country districts of New York State, where voting machines are largely used, were the next to arrive. It had been predicted for years that Erie County, including the heavy vote

surprised the most sanguine hopes of the Republicans.

Gov. Hughes was cut heavily up the state, but not so deeply as to imperil his election, once the drift in his favor below the Bronx had begun to make itself felt.

Some of the figures relating to the Republican slump in certain states regarded as certainly Republican are little short of amazing. Pennsylvania's immense plurality of 500,000 four years ago has been cut in two. Illinois, which gave Roosevelt 305,000 in 1904 has gone for Taft by only about 170,000. The highest claim of the Republicans for Indiana is 15,000, as against a plurality of 93,000 for Roosevelt.

Iowa which gave Roosevelt 158,000 plurality in 1904, has dropped to about 40,000 for Taft. The return of Missouri to the Democratic column on the presidential ticket wiped out the Republican majority of 25,000 four years ago.

Maryland and West Virginia are confidently claimed by the Republicans, but the returns are too meager to justify a classification of either state.

Massachusetts, Connecticut and New Jersey were striking exceptions to the generally reduced pluralities.

There has been a shrinkage in the Democratic vote in several of the Southern states, notably in

(Concluded on 8th page.)

A Fearful Cost to Pay For Lack of Grit.



If he who hesitates is lost,
As some old sage has writ,
It surely is a fearful cost
To pay for lack of grit.
Don't hesitate if you would win;
To save yourself is best.
Just put your Advertisements in
(Rates Furnished on Request).

Pompeii and Herculaneum.
Pompeii was buried in ashes and was easily disinterred, while Herculaneum received the full force of the crimson lava, which hardened rapidly to the consistency of marble and must be quarried in order to reach the city beneath. Owing to this difficulty only a small amount of excavating has been done in Herculaneum as compared with that which has taken place at Pompeii. In addition, another town sprang up on the lava above Herculaneum, which would have been endangered by the undermining necessary to exploration with pick and shovel.—New York American.

PUMPKIN PIE.

Praise For This Culinary Triumph and Gastronomic Delight.

American literature is replete with the praise of pie, and Harriet Beecher Stowe says, "The pie is an English institution, which, planted in American soil, forthwith ran rampant and burst forth into an untold variety of genera and species." The average American echoes, "Let it run." He has the same desire that possessed Simple Simon of Mother Goose fame when he met the pie man. But Mother Goose flourished before the pie reached the acme of its glory. The most famous pie of which she wrote was a meat pie, for she said:

Sing a song of sixpence, pocket full of rye;

Four and twenty blackbirds 'baked in a pie.

When the pie was opened the birds began to sing.

Wasn't that a dainty dish to set before a king?

A pie containing live blackbirds sounds like a fairy tale, but it is not, as a Venetian publisher of a cookbook printed in 1569 gave a recipe for making pies "that the birds may be alive in them and fly out when it is cut up." The gay revelers who sat down before such a dish may have thought that the very pinnacle of culinary art had been obtained, but the pumpkin affords gastronomic delights to every American citizen beside which blackbird pies, ortolan pies, lombard pies or battaila pies are and of right ought to be back numbers.—Washington Star.

A Tart Retort.

A good story is told of a prominent society woman at Newport whose name cannot for obvious reasons be given here.

It appears that an extremely wealthy matron who has not always enjoyed her present social pre-eminence was making certain supercilious references as to a young girl who had been presented by the lady first mentioned. "By the way," languidly asked the wealthy matron, "who is your friend Miss Blank?"

"Miss Blank is a charming girl," was the smiling response, "well bred, as you see, accomplished, entertaining."

"Oh, yes, of course," continued the other, "but, my dear Mrs. So-and-so, you know what I mean—who is she?"

"My dear woman," retorted the first lady, "I can no more tell you who Miss Blank is than I could have informed those who asked me who you were when you first came to Newport."—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

To the People

Houston County

¶ We want to extend to you this special invitation to make our store your headquarters when you come to Crockett. Don't wait until you want to buy goods. We want to get acquainted with you and want you to see how our large business is conducted.

¶ We also invite country merchants to get our prices. There are many things that we will sell you cheaper than the large wholesale houses, besides saving you freight. Yours truly,

Daniel S Burton

The Store that Buys What You Have to Sell
and Sells What You Have to Buy

Where Did You Get That Merry Widow Hat?



The Merry Widow Hat attracts everybody's attention. Everybody looks at it. Nobody can help seeing it. Why?

Because it occupies so much space. Because it is a fine millinery display. Because it has graceful lines.

In fact, it has LINES OF DISPLAY SPACE.

In the Hat lies a Hint—to wit:

The advertiser who would attract everybody's attention must use many LINES OF DISPLAY SPACE.

Wedding Bells.

On last Tuesday night, 8:30 o'clock, Oct. 20, 1908, the Methodist church in this city was the scene of a pretty church wedding, on which occasion Mr. D. M. Holley and Miss Daisy Lankster were united in the holy bonds of wedlock, Rev. Anderson of Palestine officiating.

The church had been nicely decorated with cut flowers and pot plants, and everything put in readiness for the happy occasion. Immediately before, and during

the arrival of the bridal party, Miss Mae Hardin, vocalist, and Miss Jewel Humphries, organist, rendered, "As Long as the World Rolls On."

The groom entered with his best man, Mr. John Harlow, leading down one aisle, followed by the groomsmen: Messrs. Duane Scarborough, Henry Dorman, Guy Cutler and Jim Harlow.

The bride walked slowly down the opposite aisle with her sister, Miss Ewdye Bell Lankster, as maid of honor, followed by the other bride's maids: Misses Pearl Lankster, Ethel Gorman, Maud Stroud, Emma Lee Moore, corresponding with groomsmen of the opposite aisle. These attendants formed a circle around the bride and groom, on the rostrum and after a few words of an impressive ceremony they were pronounced man and wife.

These young people belong to the better class of our citizenship. The groom is a sober, quiet, industrious young man and is constable of this precinct.

The bride is a young lady of rare attainments—equally at home, whether engaged in domestic or business affairs. She has been for some time with the firm of Mc O. Johnson as saleslady and book-keeper.

The Oracle congratulates the groom on the prize he has won and wishes the happy couple a peaceful and prosperous life. —Oakwood Oracle.

A Broken Back.

That pain in your back caused by lumbago, stiff muscles or a strain is an easy thing to get rid of. Ballard's Snow Liniment cures rheumatism, lumbago, sore and stiff muscles, strains, sprains, cuts, burns, bruises, scalds and all aches and pains. You need a bottle in your house. Sold by Murchison & Beasley.

MOORE & SMITH



Right to the Point

we will get. We will not indulge in glowing descriptions of our stock, although it well deserves it, but will state bare facts at once, and show you the bargains.

SEE US

WE have a large stock of General Merchandise for sale and the following is a partial list of same. We ask that you get our prices and compare with others.



If You Have Trouble

to make your pocket book meet your expenses try buying here.

Something in Dry Goods.

Fancy Dress Goods, Calicoes, Outings, Stripes, Domestic, Bed Tick, Old Fashioned Jeans, Meltons, Ladies' and Men's Underwear, Hosiery, Ladies' Collars, Ties, Men's Ties and Collars, Handkerchiefs a specialty. A fine line of Ladies' Handkerchiefs.

Our Clothing.

Have a fine line men's pants and boys' suits, also have ducking clothes for men and boys, working clothes, horse clothes.

In the Shoe Line.

Yes, we sell them; shoes for grandpa, for grandma, for mother and father, for big brother and sister—for baby, too, also for the horse.

Something in Hats.

Men's hats of all kinds from John B. Stetson down, and caps for boys and girls.

A Variety in Shirts.

Dress shirts, work shirts, top shirts, undershirts.

Hardware.

We sell hardware and cutlery, carpenters' tools, handsaws, X cut saws, saw sets, saw clamps, brace and bits, metal frame level and plumb, bevel squares, steel squares, try squares, cotton cards, toy wagons.

Groceries.

Flour, bacon, sugar, salt, meal, syrup, tea, coffee, soda, baking powders, laundry and toilet soap, Ivory soap, snuff and tobacco, rice, lima beans, potatoes, onions, spices, extracts and canned goods of all descriptions.

Ammunition.

Old fashioned powder, shot and caps, and loaded shells—22 cartridge.

Wagon Repair Material.

Axles, tongues, houns, front and rear, spokes, fellows, wagon bows and covers.

Comfortable Blankets.

Have blankets from the cheap cotton to all wool.

See Us, and You Will Be Glad and So Will We.

MOORE & SMITH,

Wooters' Old Stand, Northeast Corner Public Square.

MOORE & SMITH

FURNITURE

AND

MATTING

SPECIAL PRICES THIS WEEK

CALL AND SEE

Watch This Space Next Week

J. D. SIMS

CROCKETT, TEXAS

The Furniture Man who has made going to housekeeping easy on your pocketbook.

PRESIDENT TAFT WILL HAVE A REPUBLICAN CONGRESS

(Continued from 1st page.)

Virginia and North Carolina. Mr. Taft has carried Wisconsin by a plurality estimated at 75,000, a falling off from the Roosevelt plurality of 156,000 in 1904.

Kentucky has gone safely for Mr. Bryan by between 10,000 and 15,000.

Representative Cowherd has been elected governor of Missouri over Hadley, republican, by about 20,000.

Gov. John A. Johnson of Minnesota has probably been elected governor of that state for a third term, although the state has gone safely for Taft.

The voting throughout the country has been exceedingly heavy, ideal weather conditions bringing out the country voters in full force.

A Hair's Breath Escape.

Do you know that every time you have a cough or cold and let it run on thinking it will just cure itself you are inviting pneumonia, consumption or some other pulmonary trouble? Don't risk it. Put your lungs back in perfect health and stop that cough with Ballard's Horebound Syrup. Prices 25c, 50c and \$1.00 per bottle. Sold by Murchison & Beasley.

If you suffer from constipation and liver trouble Foley's Orino Laxative will cure you permanently by stimulating the digestive organs so they will act naturally. Foley's Orino Laxative does not gripe, is pleasant to take and you do not have to take laxatives continually after taking Orino. Why continue to be the slave of pills and tablets? McLean's Drug Store.

LIES ABOUT THE FEET.

A Shoe Clerk's Comments on His Customers' Peculiarities.

"I don't see why people always lie about their feet," said the shoe clerk as his customer departed after giving him a bad half hour. "I don't mean on the size of their foot, for it's only natural to wish to have, or rather, to make other people think you have, small feet. But why a great, burly man with his feet nubby with bunions should insist that his shoes never trouble him and that he never has any trouble in getting a fit is beyond me. Why, if I put an ordinary shoe on such a man he would cuss with pain, and he knows it. He knows also that I have to hunt around until I find some freak shoe that will fit his misshapen old foot, but all the time he declares that he never has bunions or corns like most people. Women who seem to be sensible enough in all other ways come in here and declare that they do not know what a corn is, when they wince with pain every time I touch their little toe. When they are forced to declare that the shoe hurts in one spot or another they insist it is because their feet have a shape peculiarly their own. Sometimes they will admit they have a 'little calloused place,' but a corn, oh, dear, no! Sometimes in a thin, lightweight shoe I can fairly see the corns bunching out under the leather, but I have to say diplomatically that the fit is 'not good,' or that the customer has a 'peculiarly sensitive foot,' or some other nonsense, if I want to keep their trade."—New York Press.

A Doubtful Future.

"Biggins has developed a habit of saying rude and sarcastic things." "Yes," answered Miss Cayenne. "I am waiting to see whether he is going to be recognized as a great bore or a social lion."—Washington Star.

Not Modesty.

Blox—Bimberly is exceedingly modest, isn't he? Knox—I hadn't noticed it. Blox—Well, he never talks about himself. Knox—Oh, that isn't modesty. It's discretion.—Chicago News.

A Winner.

Tommy—Ma, may I play make b'leve that I'm entertainin' another little boy? Ma—Certainly, dear. Tommy—All right; gimme some cake for him then.—Philadelphia Press.

I could hardly feel much confidence in a man who had never been imposed upon.—Hare.

TALES OF THE DERBY

Some of the Winners That Were Not Liked as Youngsters.

BOUGHT FOR A MERE TRIFLE.

Little Wonder, Who Carried Off the Blue Ribbon in 1840, Cost His Owner Only \$325—The Successes of Voltigeur and Thormanby.

Stories of Derby winners having been sold as youngsters for exceedingly small sums are fairly numerous, and without going too far back into the recesses of the past at least two instances can be cited of animals destined ultimately to win the "blue ribbon of the turf" which as yearlings no one thought good enough to buy. Voltigeur was one of these, and the other was Thormanby.

Voltigeur was bred by Robert Stephenson in 1847 and as a yearling was sent up to be sold at the Doncaster sales, a reserve price of \$1,750 being placed on him. Not a man was found to bid that much for him; consequently he was withdrawn.

In all probability he would have remained unsold had not Williamson, a relative by marriage of Lord Zetland, seen him and, having taken a fancy to him, finally persuaded his lordship to buy him.

His judgment was triumphantly vindicated, for not only did Voltigeur win the Derby and St. Leger, but he succeeded in establishing a line of thoroughbreds which is at present dominant on the English turf and likely to remain so for some time to come.

Thormanby, too, was sent up to be disposed at the Doncaster and, like Voltigeur, did not reach a nominal reserve. Desirous of getting rid of him, however, Plummer, his breeder, requested his famous trainer, Matt Dawson, to come and have a thorough look at him.

This Dawson did and, perceiving at a glance good points about him, which no one else apparently had noticed, bought him for Merry, his patron. Strange enough, Dawson gave the same figure for Thormanby as that paid for Voltigeur.

As a two-year-old Thormanby ran fourteen times and out of this number scored nine wins, and in the Derby of the following year he beat a field of thirty. It was said that the race netted Merry the nice sum of \$200,000.

The cheapest horse that ever won the Derby was Little Wonder, which was successful in 1840, for he cost his owner, Robertson, the meager sum of only \$325.

Spaniel, too, winner of the race in 1831, was picked up for a very small sum, Lord Egerton, his breeder, letting him go for \$750.

Pyrrhus J., which won in 1846, was purchased by John Day, the noted trainer, as a yearling at Doncaster. Gully, the pugilist, taking a half interest in him.

As a two-year-old the horse never ran, and seemingly his abilities were then of an unknown quantity, for at the end of the season Day agreed to sell his half share in him to Gully for \$500. Day's chagrin at his subsequent victory in the Derby was very great.

Teddington, the winner of 1851, was bred by a blacksmith, who sold him as a foal, together with his dam, to Sir Joseph Hawley for \$1,250 and a further \$5,000 if he won the Derby.

Sir Joseph and his confederate, Massey Stanhope, to whom the horse really belonged, profited largely over the success, and the jockey, Marson, who rode the horse, received \$10,000 as a token of victory, which in those days was unprecedented.

Sainfoin, which carried the colors of Sir James Miller to the front, was an exceptionally fortunate purchase by John Porter, the trainer. He bought the colt out of the Hampton Court lot of yearlings in 1888 for the very reasonable price of \$2,720. Sir Robert Darnley taking a half interest in him.

As a two-year-old he was seen only once in public, and he won his race with the greatest ease. The year following he won the Esher stakes in a canter, after which he was sold to Sir James Miller for \$30,000 and a contingency of half the stakes if he won the Derby. It was indeed a profitable deal for Porter and Sir Robert.

Another instance of Porter's shrewdness as a horse dealer was his purchase of the great horse Isonomy for the bagatelle figure, comparatively speaking, of \$1,800. The real owner was Fred Gretton.

Isonomy gave no real promise of his worth as a two-year-old, his only victory being a nursery stake in the latter part of the season. As a three-year-old he was not seen in public until the Cambridgeshire, which he won easily by two lengths and incidentally earned no less than \$200,000 in bets for his owner.

Had he been in the classic races he would in all probability have cleaned the board.

As a four-year-old he won the gold cup at Ascot and the Goodwood and Brighton cups and crowned these feats by literally running away with the Great Ebor handicap, carrying the

crushing weight of 136 pounds.

The following year Isonomy proved himself a better horse than ever, not only winning the Ascot gold cup again, but also the Manchester cup with the almost impossible burden, one would think, of 138 pounds.

It has been calculated that altogether Isonomy won for his owner upward of \$500,000 in stakes and bets, which for an \$1,800 investment was a colossal profit.—Brooklyn Eagle.

HIS MISTAKE.

It Was Costly, but Cured Him of an Irritating Habit.

Bunsen was always a great kiddler. He isn't any more.

Bunsen is a lawyer, although, of course, he is known by a different name. Don't ever get the idea, though, that this didn't really happen just because Bunsen's real nomination isn't mentioned.

As we were saying, Bunsen used to be pretty much of a kiddler. He would even kid his own patient little wife. Those who care to read on down a little farther will learn why he ceased to be a kiddler.

One evening last week when Bunsen got home his wife had a new hat to show him. It was some hat. Anybody could have seen that it was the final phrase in female headgear.

But Bunsen started in to make fun of it. He said it looked as if it had been trimmed by a cross-eyed milliner on an empty stomach. And he made a lot of other disparaging remarks that were extremely harassing to poor Mrs. Bunsen.

"D'ye buy it sight unseen?" he inquired. "Say, how much do they pay the girl that sold you that? She ought to have a raise. Any girl who could put that one over a customer must be something of a smooth saleslady. I'm here to remark."

Mrs. Bunsen was almost in tears. Bunsen had to go into the other room to have a quiet laugh at her expense. Oh, he was the great kiddler, all right.

The next day, though, he had forgotten all about the hat.

The day after that he was reminded of his little jokefest. Mrs. Bunsen handed him a slip of paper when he came home to get his victuals that evening. It was a bill for retrimming that hat; \$18.34 it came to.

Bunsen paid it without a murmur and said the revised edition of the hat was just exactly right. He isn't making fun of hats any more.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

NOTED ANAGRAMS.

Ingenious Transmutation of Names of Well Known Persons.

Anagrams that transmute the names of well known men and women are often startlingly appropriate. What could be better in this way than these announcements, evolved from two great statesmen's names when the reins of power changed hands: Gladstone, "G leads not!" Disraeli, "I lead, sir!" Quite as happy is the comment on the devoted nursing of Florence Nightingale, whose name yields "Filt on, cheering angel." Among those that are most often quoted we may mention Horatio Nelson, "Honor est a Nilo"; Charles James Stuart, "Claims Arthur's seat;" Pilate's question, "Quid est veritas?" ("What is truth?"), answered by "Est vir qui adest" ("It is the man here present"); Swedish nightingale, "Sing high, sweet Linda;" David Livingstone, "D. V., go and visit Nile;" the Marquis of Ripon (who resigned the grand mastership of Freemasons when he became a Romanist), "E. I. P., quoth Freemasons;" Charles, prince of Wales, "All France calls. Oh, help!" Sir Roger Charles Doughty Tichborne, baronet, "Yon horrid butcher Orton, biggest rascal here," and many shorter specimens, such as telegraph, "great help;" astronomers, "no more stars" and "moon starers;" one hug, "enough;" editors, "so tired;" tournament, "to run at men;" penitentiary, "nay, I repent;" old England, "golden land;" revolution, "to love ruin;" fashionable, "one-half bias;" lawyers, "sly ware;" midshipman, "mind his map;" poorhouse, "Oh, sour hope;" Presbyterian, "best in prayer;" sweetheart, "there we sat;" matrimony, "into my arm."—Chambers' Journal.

Air and Water "Cures."

It is a remarkable fact that, as with various natural so-called "mineral waters" so with various "airs" which people find beneficial, no one has yet clearly and decisively shown, in the first place, whether they exert any chemical effect of a special kind on the people who seem to benefit by drinking the one or breathing the other. Still less has any one shown what is the particular chemical ingredient of the air or of the water of any given resort which exerts the beneficial effect attributed to that air or that water.—Sir E. Ray Lankester in London Telegraph.

Inappropriate.

"Why do you call young Kallow 'Cholly?' His first name is Noah," said Towne.

"I know," replied Browne, "but that's so inappropriate. Noah had sense enough to get in out of the rain."—Philadelphia Press.

The Biggest and the Best Net For Getting Results.



In sealing fish to get results You have to take the net results.

In business, too, to get results You figure on the net results.

Netting fish and netting profits suggest each other. In each case you must put out a net that moves around and gathers up the results.

So far as business goes, the local newspaper is the biggest and best net for getting results. It circulates around town and in the country also.

Are you advertising?

BLACK FOX PELTS.

Only About Five Skins Are Secured Each Year.

In the estimation of trappers of the Canadian northland as well as in the eyes of the nobility of Russia there is only one king of beasts, the highly prized black fox. On an average five perfect pelts of this rare fur bearer are brought down from the northland each year and in rare years as many as ten or twelve, though each year thousands of men make a living trapping and the yearly catch of foxskins amounts to over 100,000 from Canada alone.

In no way except in color does the black fox differ from the red fox, whose pelt sells for about \$2, or from the gray fox, whose winter coat, is valued at from \$150 to \$400, but whenever a hunter can secure a black fox and remove its skin without marring the fur he is sure of receiving from \$800 to \$1,500 for his trophy. Not only is every black fox pelt bought as soon as taken, but a dozen Russian noblemen have paid agents traveling in North America all through the winter seeking out remote hillside farms and abandoned logging camps where it is possible that a shy and elusive black fox may have been seen.

Within the last twenty years a number of wealthy men who have owned fenced game preserves have spent vast sums of money in buying foxes alive and turning them loose within private inclosures. By and by it may be that some skilled or fortunate breeder will produce a black pup or perhaps a pair of black foxes may be captured alive, and from these a new breed of black foxes will arise and cause a great panic among the men who hunt for black foxes. He who can wrest the secret of breeding black foxes from nature is assured of riches past counting and can command the worshipful homage of the Russian nobility and aristocracy, who seem willing to sacrifice untold wealth for the pleasure of wearing overcoats made from the pelts of American black foxes.—Edmonton Cor. Toronto Globe.

GROWTH OF CARICATURE.

John Law's Wild Schemes Gave It a Tremendous Impetus.

Caricature is nowadays one of the principal methods of criticism. No movement can overreach the mark without eliciting dozens of works of art from caricaturists all over this and all other countries.

This branch of criticism and attack dates far back, but the greatest impulse it ever felt came from the age of tremendous speculation, when, in 1719 and 1730, John Law was manipulating things financial in France. Never before had the financial world been so carried off its feet as it was at that time. Members of the nobility were waiting for a chance to purchase shares in Law's schemes. Duchesses and ladies of high renown tried their most persuasive charms on Law in the attempt to get hold of shares. Men hired out their backs for writing desks, so great was the press of business in making contracts, and one hunchback is reputed to have made 100,000 francs in this way in a few weeks. The French went veritably mad over the schemes to become wealthy. Naturally the papers of the time, especially

those of Holland, caricatured the state of affairs. There were pictures of all sorts caricaturing Law, the nobility, the schemes and everything connected with them.

It was this tremendous amount of pictorial work that first directed the energies of William Hogarth in London in this direction. Caricaturing began to be used more and more in the political field, and soon afterward it caused the shelving of Robert Walpole from the English ministry. Ever since then has caricaturing been one of the bitterest and most effectual methods of checking public men and their schemes.

Another Knock.

"Hotel clerks are cold hearted," sighed the shabby tragedian, who was traveling with a toothbrush and a compass.

"Speaking from experience, pal?" asked his barnstorming chum.

"Sure! I approached the clerk of the Red Dog inn and told him actors deserved special terms."

"Ah, indeed! And what did he say?"

"He said yes, they deserved six month terms in the county workhouse."—Chicago News.

No Fiction.

It was a clerk in a Detroit bookstore of whom a prim matron demanded a book for her son. "No fiction, please," she explained, "but absolute, literal truth, without unnecessary verbiage or absurdly fanciful pictures."

"Well, madam"—The bookseller paused, his eye running over his shelves; then, with a flash of inspiration, he took down a volume. "I should think this might meet your requirements," he said, and he handed her a popular geometry.

Feminine Fortitude.

Comparisons of the relative fortitude of men and women are idle as odious. Parallel lines never meet, as we all know. Still, no man ever yet smiled with the toothache, while women have been known to manifest continued gaiety under the trying combination of new shoes, a violent headache and a pin sticking straight into the shivering spine.—Exchange.

One Way to Pay.

Patient—Your bill of 100 marks for visits and 60 marks for medicines is high, doctor, but I've arranged to settle. I'll pay the 60 marks for the medicines, and I'll return all your visits.—Fliegende Blätter.

A Habit He Won't Contract.

A man who signs himself "A Son of Rest" sends us the following:

"Several people have asked me why I never work. I take this means of replying to all.

"The habit of working is like a habit of taking dope. If a man is a dope fiend and stops it he dies. Now, if a man gets the habit of working and then stops it he starves to death. Something, I shall never contract such a habit."—Cleveland Leader.

Moral of the Garden.

Nothing teaches patience like a garden. You may go round and watch the opening bud from day to day, but it takes its own time, and you cannot urge it on faster than it will. If forced it is only torn to pieces. All the best results of a garden, like those of life, are slowly but regularly progressive.—Exchange.

Experience.

"Experience would be a wonderful asset but for one thing."

"What's that?"

"You never can sell it for what it cost you."—Cleveland Leader.

One day is worth two tomorrows. Have you something to do tomorrow? Do it today.—B. Franklin.

Tit For Tat.

"Jane," floated downward a voice, "if that is Mrs. So-and-so, I'm not in."

"It is Mrs. So-and-so," floated upward a voice, "and she's glad to hear it."—Kansas City Journal.

The Depth of Beauty.

The skin of the hippopotamus is said to be more than three inches thick. This is one of the cases where beauty isn't skin deep.—Boston Globe.

The Excitement.

"How fast do you usually travel?"

"I don't pay much attention to that," answered the motorist. "I get most of my excitement in watching the rapidity with which pedestrians move out of my way."—Washington Star.

Feminine Nerves.

There are nervous women, there are hypernervous women. But women so nervous that the continual rustle of a silk skirt makes them nervous—no, there are no women so nervous as that.—Wellington Free Lance.

Sticks to His Word.

"He is a man who sticks to every word he says."

"Is that so?"

"Yes; he stutters so."—New York Telegram.

Necessity is stronger far than art.—Aeschylus.

GLOUCESTER.

The Greatest Fishing Center in the United States.

Everything smells of fish in Gloucester. It is not an odor to which any of the natives object. Nor do visitors find in it anything of which to complain, for it is the pungent ozone of the sea, the smell of fish freshly caught. Gloucester has really never known anything else, for since its beginning, approaching three centuries ago, it has always had fishing for its chief industry, and today it is the greatest fishing center of the United States and, according to the belief of many, of the world.

When a two masted schooner, laden to the gunwales with its cargo of fish, comes into the wharfs the fish are carried in great tubs. Over these stand a company of experts, men who have cleaned hundreds of thousands of fish and who can make the quick cuts and do the scraping with incredible speed. Running to each tub is a hose, and after the waste has been removed an instant under the high pressure of water from the hose cleans out the fish completely and makes it sweet and ready for the next step in the operation. Coddfish is dried and salted before being sent to the market, and the work is also done on the wharfs. Here are ranged hundreds of tables exposed to the bright sunlight. The cleansed fish are piled up in such a manner that the warm rays get a most admirable chance at them.

From the open air drying tables the fish are shifted to the boxing and packing establishments, which are also located along the water front, and then they are made ready to be shipped to all parts of the world.—Springfield Union.

INSOMNIA.

Curious Way in Which It Affected a Woman's Imagination.

"I can't stand this any longer, doctor," said the nervous woman. "If the patient in the next room to mine, No. 22, doesn't keep quiet at night I must change my room or leave the sanitarium altogether."

"What's the trouble?" asked her physician.

"She has one of these squeaky old wooden bedsteads, and every time she turns over it awakens me. Last night she did nothing but toss and fro, and I didn't get a single wink of sleep."

"I'll see to that at once," he assured her. "A woman in your condition certainly must have absolute quiet at night. I'll have the patient in No. 22 sleep on the roof. The fresh air will be better for her anyway."

The next morning the nervous woman appeared in the consultation room of the sanitarium in radiant mood.

"How did you sleep?" asked the doctor.

"Perfectly," she replied. "I'm so much obliged to you. It made a great difference."

"I knew it would," he said gravely.

He was telling the truth, because he knew the power of the imagination in disease, especially of the nerves. As a matter of fact, No. 22 had not been occupied at night for three weeks. The patient had been sleeping on the roof all the time.—Exchange.

To Our Dear Friend The Merchant:



Do you know how to sell goods?

Your clerks, of course, know how to sell goods when people call and ask for them.

But when people do not call and ask for what they want and what you have in stock, what then?

Let the people know what you have.

Our columns are open to advertisers with bargains who want to connect with bargain hunters.

ED CHANDLER IS FREED FROM JAIL

A Groveton Man Charged With Murder Makes His Escape.

Groveton, Texas, Oct. 27.—Telephone word was received here this morning to the effect that Ed. Chandler, who was confined in the Woodville jail charged with the murder, and destroying the body by burning at this place some weeks ago, of Will Goyens, had broken out and escaped from that jail about 4 o'clock this morning. Sheriff G. H. Kirkwood of Trinity county offers a reward for the fugitive in any jail in the United States in the sum of \$50 and gives the following description: He is about six feet one inch high, weighs 160 or 170 pounds, round face and clean shaven and has a light complexion inclined to be a little freckled, has coarse sandy hair. He was shot through the right leg near the hip about two years ago and limps very slightly from the effects of that wound. He usually wears a large white hat and good clothes. He has large blue eyes and is rather a nice ap-

pearing young man when dressed up.

Chandler was under indictment in several courts for cattle theft prior to his arrest for the above murder, but was under bond. His bondsmen had given him up, however, since his arrest and he is wanted in those cases as well as the other.

A Hair's Breath Escape.

Do you know that every time you have a cough or cold and let it run on thinking it will just cure itself you are inviting pneumonia, consumption or some other pulmonary trouble? Don't risk it. Put your lungs back in perfect health and stop that cough with Ballard's Horehound Syrup. Prices 25c, 50c and \$1.00 per bottle. Sold by Murchison & Beasley.

Foley's Honey and Tar clears the air passages, stops the irritation in the throat, soothes the inflamed membranes, and the most obstinate cough disappears. Sore and inflamed lungs are healed and strengthened, and the cold is expelled from the system. Refuse any but the genuine in the yellow package. McLean's Drug Store.

PEOPLE WE KNOW.

They are Crockett People and What They Say is of Local Interest.

When an incident like the following occurs right here at home, it is bound to carry weight with our readers. So many strange occurrences go the rounds of the press: are published as facts, people become skeptical. On one subject skepticism is rapidly disappearing. This is due to the actual experience of our citizens, and their public utterances regarding them. The doubter must doubt no more in the face of such evidence as this. The public statement of a reputable citizen living right at home, one whom you can see every day, leaves no ground for the skeptic to stand on.

J. A. Jeanes, living in Crockett, Tex., says: "I had kidney and bladder trouble for several years being obliged to void the kidney secretions four or five times during the night. The passages were also painful. Another symptom of my trouble was a pain across the small of my back. Several months ago I began using Doan's Kidney Pills, procured from I. W. Sweet's drug store and since that time have been in better health than in years. This remedy is certainly all that it is claimed to be and I take pleasure in recommending it."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

Hexamethylenetetramine.

The above is the name of a German chemical, which is one of the many valuable ingredients of Foley's Kidney Remedy. Hexamethylenetetramine is recognized by medical text books and authorities as a uric acid solvent and antiseptic for the urine. Take Foley's Kidney Remedy as soon as you notice any irregularities, and avoid a serious malady. McLean's Drug Store.

A Broken Back.

That pain in your back caused by lumbago, stiff muscles or a strain is an easy thing to get rid of. Ballard's Snow Liniment cures rheumatism, lumbago, sore and stiff muscles, strains, sprains, cuts, burns, bruises, scalds and all aches and pains. You need a bottle in your house.—Sold by Murchison & Beasley.

If you suffer from constipation and liver trouble Foley's Orino Laxative will cure you permanently by stimulating the digestive organs so they will act naturally. Foley's Orino Laxative does not gripe, is pleasant to take and you do not have to take laxatives continually after taking Orino. Why continue to be the slave of pills and tablets? McLean's Drug Store.

Recognizing His Limitations.

Cholly—Let me see—what's that quotation about a nod being as good as a wink and so forth? Freddy—Why—er—I can't think—Cholly—Oh, I know that. I'm asking you to try to remember.—Chicago Tribune.

Too Inquisitive.

Magistrate—Why did you strike the telegraph operator? Prisoner—It was like this, yer honor. I give him a message to send to me gal, an' the feller started to read it. Then I swiped him.—London Telegraph.

The Honest Man.

Nearly every man in the crowd looks as if he were trying not to blush with modesty when some one observes that an honest man is the noblest work of God.—Ohio State Journal.

Refinement which carries us away from our fellow men is not God's refinement.—Beecher.

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H. ASHER, the Shoe Man.

Her Heart was Broken

because her complexion was bad and she could find nothing to clear it up. Ladies: a bad complexion is caused by an inactive liver. An inactive liver will be put in perfect condition by taking Ballard's Horehound Syrup. Sold by Murchison & Beasley.

If You are Over Fifty Read This.

Most people past middle-age suffer from kidney and bladder disorders which Foley's Kidney Remedy would cure. Stop the drain on the vitality and restore needed strength and vigor. Commence taking Foley's Kidney Remedy today. McLean's Drug Store.

Winter blasts, causing pneumonia, pleurisy and consumption will soon be here. Cure your cough now, and strengthen your lungs with Foley's Honey and Tar. Do

not risk starting the winter with weak lungs, when Foley's Honey and Tar will cure the most obstinate coughs and colds, and prevent serious results. McLean's Drug Store.

Raw Lungs.

When the lungs are sore and inflamed, the germs of pneumonia and consumption find lodgment and multiply. Foley's Honey and Tar kills the cough germs, cures the most obstinate racking cough, heals the lungs, and prevents serious results. The genuine is in the yellow package. McLean's Drug Store.

Consumption Statistics

prove that a neglected cold or cough puts the lungs in so bad a condition that consumption germs find a fertile field for fastening on one. Stop the cough just as soon as it appears with Ballard's Horehound Syrup. Soothes the torn and inflamed tissues and makes you well again. Sold by Murchison & Beasley.

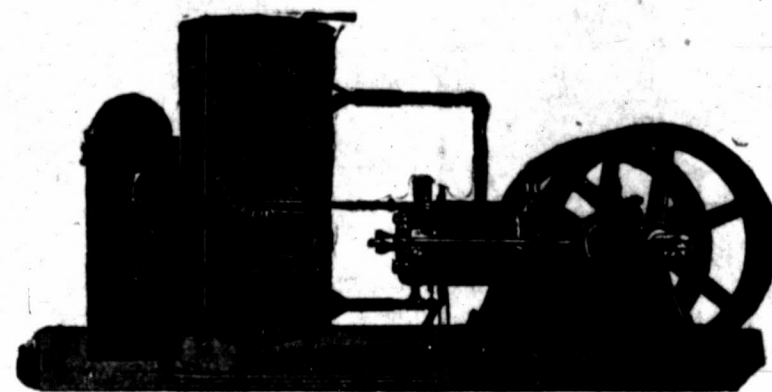
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Sunset Magazine
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

THE FIGHT FOR FAME.

Man's Heroic Effort to Clutch the Priceless Jewel.

His way was in a bloody lane where clanking caissons splashed along, his goal the line where blazing guns laughed out their song of death. On, on, on he went. His ears were filled with sounds of quick commands, bugle blasts, discordant drums. No fluttering fear was in his heart, no thought of home, no specter of the dread despair that waited at the hearth if he never came again. To him there was no terror in the saber's flashing blade, no warning in the bullet's deadly hiss. Youth trod all reason underfoot; ambition saw all glory overhead. On, on he went to woo and win his bride, the priceless jewel—fame!

Another in a garret sighed for fame. Crusts were his portion and his raiment only rags. Hermit-like he toiled alone, nor cold nor hunger ever daunted him. He marshaled all his hosts, and visions came and went. On, on he toiled. In the snowflakes that drifted in and touched his hands he read a message from the world without, all white, all cheerless. Still as a chrysalis his fancy wove and spun and made its garments wondrous, then burst in splendor on a waiting world.

Both fought the fight, each in his way, one for a heroic shape of bronze, one for a speechless marble face, each for the epitaph, that all the ages in the dust of time might know "he did and died."—Wade Mountfort in Era Magazine.

YOUR UMBRELLA.

A Simple and Effective Method of Marking It.

Name plates on the handle seldom assist in the recovery of even borrowed, to say nothing of lost, umbrellas. But there is a way by which you may so mark your umbrellas that the finders and borrowers thereof will be reminded of your name and address every time they stealthily sally forth with your umbrella over their heads. Make a paste of cornstarch with water; brush over the inner surface of the umbrella where you wish to have your initials or your name in full, either with or without your street address. When this paste is dry paint your name on the cornstarch, using pure white lead. Let the paint dry thoroughly; rub a stiffish brush over the whitened surface until the cornstarch is removed.

You will thereupon find the white letters of your name standing forth immaculately against the black background of your umbrella cover. The cornstarch paste is applied to keep the oils of the paint from penetrating the umbrella cover and showing on the outer side. As it is, no unsightly grease spots come through. Your name is fixed and if painted near the tip it will be unobtrusive to you, though a constant reminder to the borrower or finder.—Scientific American.

An Error in Geography.

On one occasion the British lost a point in their war with Russia by reason of an error in their geography. This was when Commodore Elliot had succeeded in blockading the Russian fleet in the gulf of Saghalin, on the east coast of Siberia. The Russians were in a cleft-dessac, and the British ships waited contentedly for such time as the enemy should venture to put to sea. But they waited in vain, and at last an investigation was made. It was found that the Russian fleet had vanished. While the British commander waited at the south end of the gulf, the Russian ships slipped away through the shallows at the north end into the sea of Okhotsk. Until this discovery was made the British government had believed Saghalin to be a peninsula.—Now, too late, they learned that it was an island, with a very narrow channel at the north end of the gulf running into the sea of Okhotsk.—New York Tribune.

Hay on Church Floor.

A curious custom is annually observed at Old Neston church on St. Swithin's day. The church is dedicated to St. Swithin, and on festival day the church is strewn with hay. Many years ago some donor left a field to provide money for bread which is distributed four times a year. The tenant of the field has to supply the hay to strew the church. The custom is supposed to have originated from the fact that on festival Sunday the parishioners wear new boots, and the idea of the donor was to have the hay laid down to stop the squeaking incidental to new footwear.—London Standard.

Ancient.

"You never give credit for the jokes you print."
"Well," responded the editor of the Punkville Palladium, "I don't know whom to give credit to. Noah failed to carry those records into the ark."
—Louisville Courier-Journal.

He Apologized.

Henry, aged three, was left alone with his three-months-old brother. His mother, hearing the baby cry, returned to find out what had happened. "Oh," said Henry, "I choked him a little, but I asked him to excuse me."

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OUR EARLY STATESMEN.

Monroe's Expansion Views and Madison's Population Guess.

Some of our early statesmen were not expansionists. Washington was opposed to assuming the ownership of the Mississippi river, and James Monroe when a member of the Virginia convention in 1788 argued against the adoption of the federal constitution for geographical reasons. "Consider," he said, "the territory lying between the Atlantic ocean and the Mississippi. Its extent far exceeds that of the German empire. It is larger than any territory that ever was under any one free government. It is too extensive to be governed but by a despotic monarchy." And this from the man who thirty years later was elected president of the United States extended far beyond the Mississippi and who became the author of the "Monroe doctrine."

A year after the adoption of the constitution James Madison thought he was making a bold guess when he estimated that the population of the country might, "in some years," double in number and reach 6,000,000. He lived to see far beyond that. Yet it is true that for a number of years the population was largely confined to the original thirteen colonies. In 1789, when the constitution was adopted, New York city had 33,000 inhabitants. In 1817 it had 115,000, Philadelphia 112,000, Baltimore 55,000, Boston 40,000, Providence 10,000, Hartford 8,000, Pittsburg 7,000, Cincinnati 7,000 and St. Louis 3,500. Chicago was but a fort, and Indianapolis was an unbroken wilderness. The country was not crowded yet.—Exchange.

KNOW HIS BUSINESS.

Why the Colored Cook Remained Below During the Blow.

A story is told of a well known amateur yachtsman who was one night anchored near a rocky and dangerous shore. Suddenly, just before dinner, a stiff inshore wind started up. The anchor began to drag. Another was rapidly thrown overboard, but in the increasing squall that, too, failed to hold. The schooner seemed in imminent danger of drifting on the rocks, but at last another anchor gripped, and the danger was past.

The yachtsman, nearly exhausted from his efforts, dropped on the deck to recover his breath and rest. In the quiet that followed there came to his ears the click-click-clack-click-clack of a busily manipulated spoon against a bowl.

He listened for a moment and then went below. The cook was preparing salad dressing.

"Why, Sam," he exclaimed in astonishment, "didn't you know that we nearly went ashore?"

"Oh, yassir, yassir," came the undisturbed reply. "I thought she was goin' on de rocks, suah."

"Well, in a case like that don't you ever go up on deck? We had a mighty close call."

"Well, you see, it's like this: You can't leave mayonnaise a minute, 'cause it'll turn right back."—Youth's Companion.

COMPOUND EYES.

Insects That Can See Thousands of Ways at Once.

We can see the single eyes of some insects without a lens, as in the locust. In viewing the house fly we need a lens. The big, visible, bulging eyes we see are composed of thousands of unit, cone shaped eyes bound into one compound eye, each of more or less spherical shape. Under a lens they look like glass eyed pavement bent to convexity. Their faceted cornea are variously set in square, hexagonal or prismatic frames. Each glistening facet is the

cornéa lens of a distinct self working eye. Their number in each compound eye is enormous.

There are fifty such eyelets in the ant, 1,400 are allowed the drone bee and 8,500 the "workers." Our pet kitchen fly has 8,000 chances of seeing food crumbs, the beetle over 6,000, while more than 13,000 aid the dragon fly in his eleemosynary pursuit of the mosquito, offset somewhat by several thousand awarded the latter for a "sporting chance." The hawk moth gets pictures compounded by 20,000 contributors. Over 25,000 window the brain of the mordella (beetle), and 60,000—so it is claimed—contribute to the happy lives of some butterflies.—Dr. Edward A. Ayres in Harper's Magazine.

BOUGHT OFF THE BURGLAR.

An Old Banker's Bargain With His Unwelcome Visitor.

"William Winslow Sherman, the old banker, had the coolest nerve of any man I know," said a man who knew him. "Some years ago, when Sherman was an old man and partially crippled by reason of a fall from a horse, he entered his bedroom late at night to find a masked burglar ransacking it.

"The thief had a big gun trained on Sherman in a minute. The banker just waved it aside with a tired hand. 'Put that away,' he said irritably. 'Let us discuss this matter like gentlemen.' The burglar was so surprised he laughed. 'Now, you could hurt me if you wanted to and might get away with some little knickknacks,' said Sherman. 'But you might be caught, and there's a slight probability that you could dispose of my toilet articles profitably. What would you consider a fair cash proposition to go away? They talked it over in all peace.

"The burglar thought he ought to have \$10, but Sherman, after inquiring into the man's habits, said \$8 was enough. 'You see,' he said, 'you're a known thief. If this were your first offense, I'd pay your price, but now the police have your picture you ought to be glad to accept any fair compromise and run no risk.'

"The burglar finally agreed to take \$8. Sherman pulled out a ten dollar bill. 'Give me \$2 change,' said he. And he got it before he paid."—Kansas City Star.

American Humor.

American humor exists, it distinguishes the national character, it permeates all our affairs. It is not of aboriginal descent. It was not brought from England or Holland by the fathers. Its saving grace was lacking under Puritan rule. The humor of Diedrich Knickerbocker is all the more taking because of the absence of all sense of humor in the subjects of his chronicle. If our humor came over from Erin in the first rush of immigration it was quickly adapted to its new environment. It was modified and changed by new circumstances and conditions, geographical, ethnological, atmospheric. Wherever it came from it is a boon which saves us from a lot of needless trouble and worry.—New York Times.

Why We're Ahead.

A curious explanation of the reason why "Canada has but about 7,000,000 people against America's 80,000,000" is given in a review of the world's production of coal and iron. Canada produces but 9,000,000 tons of coal against 370,000,000 tons produced by the United States, and that is why, as long as the coal age lasts, "Canada is not likely to grow to anything like the dimensions of her southern neighbor." This is an English view, and it is not open to the charge of bias.—Boston Globe.

THE "DOCTOR."

An Important Functionary on Merchant Vessels is the Cook.

There is one functionary on merchant vessels of all kinds who has very much more to do with the "peace and dignity" of the floating commonwealth than shore folks usually imagine. I refer to the cook, who is sometimes called the "doctor." Why he is given this cognomen is not altogether plain, for his handiwork seldom has any therapeutic value and in the past, at least, has had much to do with sending poor sailors to a doctor, if not to Davy Jones' locker. In fact, there was a time in nautical history when the presiding genius of the galley was in such bad repute that to call a man a "son of a sea cook" was a most opprobrious epithet and one that would be emphatically resented. In those days (and to some extent today) the cook was covertly despised by the occupants both of the fore-cabin and the cabin, though the men "forward" outwardly professed affection for him and apparently were never so happy as when they could wash his clothes or do him various other favors, with the hope of getting sundry "leavings" from the cabin table or being granted such privileges as "hanging out" in the galley when rough weather at night made the watch on deck grateful for such shelter. In other ways it was found highly salutary to keep in good graces of his culinary majesty, who frequently was a more powerful person in some respects than the "old man" himself. It is almost needless to add that the more skilled as a cook the cook was the more profound was his influence both fore and aft. But he wasn't often much in the way of skill, all the same.—Shipping Illustrated.

Ready Courage.

The Duchesse de Berry, whose husband was the son of Charles X. of France, is described in the "Memoirs of the Comtesse de Boigne" as one of the most courageous characters the writer ever knew.

One day, when she was driving with her husband, the Duc de Berry, the horses took fright and ran away. The duchesse had continued the conversation without changing the tone of her voice, and at last her husband exclaimed:

"Why, Caroline, do you not see what has happened?"

"Yes, I see; but as I cannot stop the horses it is useless to trouble about them."

The carriage was upset, but no one was hurt.

Shop.

"Well, well, well! Is this Bill Snooder?"

"Yes, and this is—let me see—can this be my old friend Tom Grigson?"

"That's who it is. I haven't seen you for—"

"Twenty-seven years."

"That's right. Twenty-seven years! Well, well! What are you doing now, Bill?"

"I'm a traveling evangelist. Are you a member of any church, Tom?"

"Not yet. I'm a life insurance solicitor. I represent the best company in the world. Carrying all the insurance you want, Bill?"—Chicago Tribune.

The Cheapest Sport.

Falconry is about the cheapest sport in existence, so there is no reason why the workingman should not enjoy it—that is, when there is common land. It is also the most humane blood sport. The pursued has always the advantage. Then, when the end does come, how often death is instantaneous. There is, too, no escaping with an ugly wound. If escape at all is effected the quarry gets away unharmed.—Fry's Magazine.

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stops the cough and heals lungs

A LESSON IN SPANISH

How Tourists in Mexico Wrestle With the Language.

A QUEER RESTAURANT ORDER.

The Way an American Woman Shocked a Waiter With a Demand For a Dish That the Cook Would Not Prepare.

"It's no wonder that men who go from the States down to Mexico on business do not get along better," said a returned New Yorker. "They don't study Spanish as they should. In the clubs half of the stock stories are about these half educated Americans."

"It was in a restaurant where only Spanish is spoken that a party of American tourists assembled. There were a woman and her two daughters and, of course, the attendant and patient papa with the wad."

"Let me order," said the mater. "I want to use my Spanish." And she proceeded to pull out a handy book of conversation. "Let me see," scanning the menu; "we want oysters, I'm sure. A small fry for each would be just the thing."

"Running her fingers through the leaves, she found that 'chiquita' means 'small' and 'frita' means 'fry.' Perfectly simple. 'Chiquita fritas' would mean 'small fries.' She held up her fingers to indicate four and said complacently to the expectant and polite waiter:

"Chiquitas fritas."

"The waiter's eyes bulged out, and his Latin politeness got a shock. 'Oh, no, senora,' he cried as he backed away; 'no chiquitas fritas!'"

"Why not?" returned the patron. "Don't you have 'em?' for in her surprise she had fallen back on her vernacular. Then she remembered her role and consulted her book."

"Nothing doing. No end of gesticulations on the part of the waiter."

"Nice country where one can't get fried oysters," piped the woman, and she added, "I wonder why?"

"You can get 'em, ma'am," said a man's raucous voice at an adjoining table. He continued: "You ordered fried babies, and they don't serve 'em in this part of the republic. The word 'chiquitas' means babies, a term of endearment, but you're all O.K. as to the fritas. If you had asked for 'ostras fritas' the order would have gone through all right."

"And she ordered 'em, though she looked daggers at the stranger, who was a New Yorker and had lived in Mexico for twenty years."

"It was the same sort of woman," continued the traveler, "who tried to stir her Spanish by asking the amount of her bill after she had taken her dinner in a restaurant in the City of Mexico. With a bland smile she addressed the head waiter with 'Como mucho?' intending to ask how much."

"Now, the word 'como' not only means 'how,' but also 'I eat,' so that the woman had remarked to the waiter, 'I eat a good deal.' This was as good as to say that the dinner was so good that she had eaten all or more than she ought. In fact, it was a compliment and such a compliment as is highly appreciated in any Latin country."

"With a deep bow the servitor expressed his delight that his humble viands should have found approbation in the sight of the most excellent senora. It was expressed in the choice phrases that so readily lend themselves on such occasions through the Castilian tongue."

"But my lady didn't understand a word of the lingo. She meant business, and she repeated in a louder tone: 'Como mucho? Como mucho?' She was sure of her correct Spanish, but somehow she couldn't get the waiter to do anything but bow and scrape and smile."

"The puzzle was solved when the proprietor, hearing the excited voices, entered and learned that the lady merely wanted to pay her bill. Had she known that not 'Como mucho?' but 'Que es la cuenta?' ('What is the account?') is the correct expression she would have been saved trouble and mortification."

"Time and again United States consuls have set forth in federal publications the advantages of a real knowledge of Spanish to the business man. The need is growing more emphatic with every day, as our relations in trade are growing with Mexico daily. But I guess that federal publications don't hit the people at large as a general rule."

"One of the easiest ways to learn a foreign language is to read good novels in that tongue. You get so interested in the story that you just have to go on to the end to learn whether the hero and heroine come out all right."

"Students of Spanish don't adopt that method in New York, I guess, for you can't find any Spanish novels on the secondhand bookstore tables up or down or across the city. The only specimens I have found have been Spanish novels translated from the

French novels. It is strange, too, for there are many excellent novels now days by Spanish writers."

"Of course an instructor is needed to obtain the correct pronunciation, but on visiting Mexico with a good, ready knowledge of the language you can soon acquire the needed pronunciation. In fact, you have to do it in order to get along."—New York Sun.

Any coward can fight a battle when he's sure of winning, but give me the man who has pluck to fight when he's sure of losing.—George Elliot.

CONSOLATION.

The Musician Reminded the Poet of the Case of Guarnerius.

The musician with a compassionate smile watched the poet trimming the fringe from his cuff.

"After all," he said, "your verse may live when Marie Corelli, Winston Churchill and Hall Caine himself are forgotten. Remember the case of Guarnerius."

"Who was he?" the poet asked.

"A pauper and a violin maker. Guarnerius in the seventeenth century made violins that everybody thought too thick; hence they brought only \$2 apiece. Musicians would buy them and have them pared down."

"Guarnerius insisted that they were not too thick. When he heard of one of his instruments being pared down he flew into a frightful rage. He had a grudge against the world because it wouldn't agree with him about violin making. He died a pauper because the world would have none of his violins."

"A Guarnerius is now and then to be picked up. Usually it is a pared instrument, and its value is not very high. But find an unpared Guarnerius and you can get anything you like for it. It is one of the world's few perfect violins."

"But Guarnerius died a pauper. The Hall Caines and Winston Churchills of the violin world of his day refused with sneers to drink with him. He, too, trimmed his cuffs."—Los Angeles Times.

Fascination of an Old Bookstore.

There seems to be a fascination about an old bookstore that some persons find it difficult to overcome," observed the proprietor of one of those establishments. "While we have a large number of good patrons, there are some who delight to come in and just pore over old volumes. I have seen men stand in this store and practically read a book through in an afternoon. They seem to forget their surroundings for the time being, and when they emerge from their abstraction they are apt to observe that they 'have just been looking over the books' and ask for some volume that they are quite sure is out of print. Yes, sir, the old bookstore is a free library in a way, but it is an interesting business and fairly profitable."—Philadelphia Record.

Fake Remnants.

A country storekeeper, a pair of long, bright shears in hand, calmly cut a roll of silk into remnants.

"Women," he explained to his city cousin, "are remnant mad. There are women who never buy except at remnant sales. Such women will pass by goods in the piece at a quarter a yard and snap up the same goods in remnant lengths at 30 cents."

"So great is the demand for remnants that it is impossible to keep up the legitimate supply."

The country storekeeper winked.

"Hence," he said, "my present occupation."—Los Angeles Times.

Silenced.

"Wasn't that young Mr. Tiff who left the house as I came in?" asked the judge of his eldest daughter.

"Yes, papa."

"Did I not issue an injunction against his coming here any more?"

"Yes, papa, but he appealed to a higher court, and mamma reversed your decision."

Run Down.

Tom—Of course the bride looks lovely, as brides always do. Nell—Yes, but the bridegroom doesn't look altogether fit; seems rather run down. Tom—Run down? Oh, yes, caught after a long chase.—Philadelphia Press.

Woes of the Amateur.

Wife—I wonder why the grass doesn't come up? Hubby—I'm sure I can't tell. You don't suppose you planted the seeds upside down, do you?—London Tit-Bits.

Pride went out on horseback and returned on foot.—Italian Proverb.

A Waiting Game.

"If he treats you so mean, why don't you get a divorce?"

"I'm waiting for his business to pick up so that I can get enough alimony to make it worth while."—San Francisco Call.

Deception of Truth.

Bismarck boasted that he deceived the whole world by telling the truth. It is thus that the simple defeat the clever, but without intending it.—Westminster Gazette.

ROYAL RAGE.

A Story of Emperor William II. and His Mother.

In a character sketch of Emperor William II. in the American Magazine, Octave Mirbeau tells an interesting story of the kaiser's relations with his royal mother. The incident was related by Prince Bismarck one night when he had been drinking too much.

"And no one," remarks M. Mirbeau, "was more brutally sincere than Bismarck was under the influence of wine." Here is a part of the story:

"The relations between William and his mother, the Empress Frederick, became at last so bitter that William placed spies about her, even in the bedroom of his invalid father."

"Through one of these spies William learned of the existence of a journal which his father had kept for some years. Frederick had a taste for writing, and the fact that there was coldness between him and his son led William to fear that this secret journal might contain some criticism of his conduct."

"The empress, however, was clever enough to conceal the diary before her husband's death. Eluding the surveillance of her son, she sent the papers to her mother, Queen Victoria, or to her brother, then Prince of Wales, I don't remember which."

"Hardly had his father drawn his last breath when William over the dead body performed his first official act."

"It was to demand of his widowed mother the journal, which he termed a 'memorial.'"

"The empress feigned ignorance. William insisted. He spoke as master, giving his mother the order to obey. She persisted in declaring that she knew nothing of the papers."

"Well," he commanded, purple with wrath, "you will remain under close arrest until you have obeyed me!"

"Bismarck, arriving at Potsdam two hours after this, found the palace surrounded by squadrons of armed cavalry."

"The emperor, whom he found still excited, told the old chancellor how he had met the disobedience of his mother."

"And she need not expect pity or consideration until she has obeyed me," he declared. "You understand that, Mr. Chancellor? Until she has obeyed me!"

"The pupil had gone much too far. Bismarck saw at once that the buffoonery continued might mar the whole of William's reign. Later in life, he said, he used to wonder how he kept from laughing in his sovereign's face."

"What he did was to receive William's news with deferential silence and later, when the emperor was calmer, show him that his course was sure to meet with general disapproval. There was a way, he thought, of proceeding much more vigorously and at the same time efficaciously. Why not rather cut down the income of the empress, suspend her appanages?"

"I know her majesty," said the good Bismarck. "She has pride. Forced arrest she can brave out, accepting it as a sort of martyrdom, but the money, sire, the money! Who can resist money?"

"Further, he laid tactful stress upon the probable representations of England. 'Is it really the moment, sire?'"

"The kaiser, becoming appeased, listened to Bismarck's counsel. The arrest of the empress was removed. The officers led their cavalry back to quarters, and William turned his attention to the details of his father's obsequies, which he wished to be most fastidious."

The Garrote.

The garrote is a thing that no man of nervous temperament should look at. Once seen it never can be forgotten. Just to think of it months afterward brings up a choking sensation which makes one long to tear away his collar and breathe the free air as deeply as he can. It rests upon a raised platform, an ordinary straight backed chair, with thin iron clasps on the elbows and legs of the chair. These are for the arms and ankles of the condemned criminal.—At the top of the back of the chair is a band of iron, one end of which swings out so as to admit of a neck being inserted. This band snaps around in place, and all is ready. A twirl of a crank in back and as the band crushes the neck back a pin pierces the medulla oblongata.—New York Sun.

To Cure Hay Fever.

Take one pound of ragweed leaves (with stems, flower and seeds indiscriminately or without them), boil in two quarts of water down to one quart and strain. Divide this one quart into three parts—viz, one pint and two half pints. On the first day take one-twelfth of the one pint every hour—twelve doses. The second day take one-twelfth of one half pint every hour, and on the third day take the same quantity—viz, one-twelfth of one-half pint.—Detroit Free Press.

They that can give up essential liberty to obtain a little temporary safety deserve neither liberty nor safety.—Franklin.

An Inking About Printers' Inking.



You can't imagine what surprises Await the man who ADVERTISES, And while they may not be foreseeable These great surprises are agreeable.

Just take the hint and help your business. At first the rush may give you dizziness, But you'll recover in a twinkling And take some more of Printers' Inking.

Got Quite Pleasant.

The mistress of a hospitable home in New York recently had to employ a new second girl whose work she liked, but whose blunt and forbidding manner she liked not at all. She talked to the girl and urged her to be pleasant and agreeable whenever she had to say anything to other people, particularly visitors.

A great surprise for the mistress followed this admonition. The next day the girl happened to attend the door, and she opened it just as her mistress was passing through the hall. To the astonishment and bewilderment of the latter the girl reached out and, catching the caller by the hand, actually dragged her inside the door, expressing her pleasure at seeing her, and then hastened to announce the call to her mistress.—New York Sun.

Canaries of Paris.

The venter of chickweed in Paris is a well known figure. The sellers are numerous, and their cry is one of the most noteworthy of those that resound in the morning in the streets of the French capital. According to the Bulletin des Halles, there are about a hundred thousand canaries in the capital, and the daily consumption of chickweed is estimated at \$2,000. This sum looks large, but it allows only 2 cents for each bird. A Paris contemporary points out that a goodly portion of land between Suresnes and Courbevoie is set aside for the cultivation of the weed.

Fish and Salt.

And the mystery still lingers—why is it necessary to salt a fish caught in the salt ocean? A sea bass caught off Seabright requires just as much salt in the seasoning as a black bass caught in the saltiest waters of Lake Erie.—New York Press.

The Widow's Might.

She—So your friend Singleton has voluntarily joined the ranks of the benedicts, has he? He—Not exactly; he was drafted. A widow married him.—Chicago News.

In the face of a man you may see the secret of his life.—Hearth and Home.

Literal Thirst For Work.

The lawyer who made a bluff at a big practice turned hastily to part from his companions.

"I am sorry, but I must go," he said hurriedly. "I have a case at home which I must absorb to the last detail."

"I guess," said one of the party, "it's a case of beer."—Baltimore American.

Nowhere with more quiet or with more freedom does a man retire than into his own soul.—Marcus Aurelius.

Wholesale Wealth.

"He is not rich as wealth is measured today."

"Measured, eh?" murmured an elderly philosopher. "I guess that's a modern term. They used to count the money in the old days."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

The Bachelor's Button.

"What is a bachelor's button?"

"One that ain't there."—Cleveland Leader.

A SCIENTIFIC RUBE.

Know More Than the Expert When It Came to Local Conditions.

"We were sitting around the stove in the bar of the little hotel in a Maine town," writes an electrical salesman in the Electrical Review, "when the electric lights flickered and went out."

"From the darkness came a solemn voice that said:

"Electric lights all out, b'gosh, and yet it ain't blowin' hard, either. Somethin's happened to the dynamo, maybe."

"I had been selling electrical supplies to the little lighting companies for several months, but I had never heard this particular idea expressed before."

"I laughed long and loud and was all the more amused when no one joined me."

"After they had lighted a big kerosene lamp I proceeded to explain to the crowd that incandescent lamps can't be blown out by the wind. When I had finished the old Rube who had commented on the light said:

"Look here, young man, if you knew a little somethin' about local conditions and about your own business you'd know that the wires in this township are hung up slack on the poles in some places and that they get to slatting in a good stiff breeze. When they do there's a short circuit that puts the line out of business."

BALLOONING.

It is a Safe and Simple Sport, but Not a Cheap One.

The only peril in a balloon ascension in such good weather as careful aeronauts choose for a voyage is in alighting, and in a well ordered expedition, where all the passengers keep cool and cling to the car, there is no danger at all.

Even if the wind is blowing hard the strong, elastic, woven willow basket takes up the danger part of the shock. One of these baskets ought to yield up its passengers unharmed from a landing in a wind blowing fifty miles an hour.

Balloon under, moderately favorable circumstances is a safe and simple sport. It is not, comparatively speaking, a cheap amusement. An ascent, including the cost of gas, expense of a pilot and transportation of passengers and balloon home, costs in this country from \$35 to \$75 a passenger. It is less in France. From Paris you can make an ascension for about a hundred francs.

The fare home is a very variable expense. Nothing is more uncertain than the spot where you will land. Of course it is easy to descend whenever you like. You may limit your flight to a couple of hours.—Albert White Vorse in Success Magazine.

A Sea Story.

"Of all my sea experiences," said the captain, "this was the strangest."

The ladies at the handsome captain's table said "Hush!" to one another and turned to the ruddy mariner with listening smiles.

"We were carrying," he said, "a lot of troop horses. A dreadful storm overtook us, and for two days we wallowed in the trough of a heavy sea. Finally it was decided that, to lighten the ship, the horses must go overboard."

"They went overboard in the morning. As soon as they saw that they were abandoned they turned and began to swim bravely after us. Bravely, desperately, they swam. They followed us for miles and miles. I can still see them, a long line, their necks arched, pushing heroically through the heavy sea."

"They sank, poor brutes, one by one."

The captain smiled sadly.

"And I still seem to have," he said, "all those deaths on my conscience."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The Allegheny Mountains.

Not more than five of our presidents down to Lincoln's time ever crossed the Allegheny mountains, and four of these were western men who had to cross the mountains to reach Washington—Presidents Jackson, Polk, General W. H. Harrison and Taylor. President Monroe crossed the mountains on his return trip from west to east in 1817. Van Buren came west in 1842, two years after the expiration of his presidential term, and saw the mountains then for the first time. It was on this trip that he got upset and dumped in the mud near Plainfield, Hendricks county.—Exchange.

The Original Almack's.

The original Almack's club in London, afterward known as Willis' rooms, had a curious origin. It began as a tavern, started by Lord Bute's butler, McCall, who proposed to give it his own name, McCall's, but judicious friends warned him that the tremendous unpopularity of Scots in London at that time, for which McCall's master was largely responsible, would spell ruin to an establishment so called.

"Very well," said McCall, "I will call it Almack's." The present Almack's club is a more fashionable organization which chose to adopt the old name.

School Supplies

We carry all school books in stock and exchange new for old ones. Bring them in to us.

MURCHISON & BEASLEY.

Local Items.

Wils Hail of Palestine was here Tuesday.

Col. W. E. Mayes was at Houston last week.

Brick for Sale.

See Smith Bros. 3t.

District court resumed session Wednesday at 1 o'clock.

Mr. H. R. Bement is having the Courier sent to him at Kilbourn, Wis.

F. E. Kalb has been at St. Louis and Chicago for the past two weeks.

Mrs. J. R. Foster has been quite ill for several weeks, but is improving.

Mrs. P. R. Denman of Manning is visiting her mother and family in this city.

The Lone Star Orchard peaches are unsurpassed for flavor and deliciousness.

Miss Berta Hail has returned from visiting her sisters at Pecos and El Paso.

The Lone Star Orchard Co. puts up the best peaches. Ask your grocer for them.

Miss Grace Simpson visited relatives at Palestine Saturday, Sunday and Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. John LeGory have returned from Mineral Wells and are much improved in health.

For Sale.

Pine and oak lumber for sale. 3t. W. B. Wall.

Mrs. Hyman Harrison and child of Palestine are the guests of Mrs. Harrison's parents in this city.

School supplies of all kinds. We fit you out completely. Murchison & Beasley.

If your grocer does not have the Lone Star Orchard peaches, ask him to get them. They are best.

Mr. J. I. Satterwhite, living southeast of town, was a visitor at the Courier office last Friday.

If you have anything to buy or sell, trade or exchange, see J. C. Stockton, Crockett, Texas, R. F. D. No. 5.

Mrs. Thompson of Lufkin, a sister of Mrs. Brandon, is being entertained by Dr. and Mrs. Brandon of this city.

T. P. Barnhill, one of the prominent farmers of the eastern part of the county, was a visitor at the Courier office Saturday.

Mr. F. M. Patton of Creath, another one of our good friends, was in Crockett Saturday and remembered the Courier.

J. T. Dorman, one of Houston county's farmers who always make good crops, was a visitor at the Courier office Saturday.

Prescriptions filled right is what you are entitled to, you get that if we fill them.

Murchison & Beasley.

Itch cured in 30 minutes by Woolford's Santary Lotion. Never fails. Sold by Murchison & Beasley, Druggists.

Take Notice.

After November the first my gin will run Tuesday, Thursday and Saturdays. E. D. Lockey.

Porter Newman of Houston and Walter Newman of Palestine were in Crockett Sunday and Monday and went out to Augusta Monday afternoon.

Mr. Harmon Hoey left Monday for his home in New Orleans. He was so well pleased with this country that he will likely return next spring.

Rev. F. M. Boyles was assisting in a revival at Grapeland and for that reason did not fill his pulpit at the Methodist church in this city Sunday.

Mr. T. J. Ware, one of the oldest citizens of the county and a life-long friend of the Courier, was a pleasant caller at the Courier office Saturday.

John A. Drake of Antioch, W. H. Wall of Augusta, J. W. Shaver of Grapeland and M. B. Creath of Creath were among those remembering the Courier Wednesday.

The water and sewerage system for the court house and jail, being put in by the county, is progressing nicely. The sewer pipe has been laid and the well is being dug and the tank erected.

Clothes may not make the man, but appearances go a great way toward making him. A prosperous appearance is an introduction into good society.

Shupak Tailoring Co.

At the Christian Church.

Christian Church—Sundy school at 9:30 a. m.; communion service at 10:30 a. m.; prayer meeting at 7 p. m. every Wednesday night. Everybody cordially invited to attend.

Next Sunday at 11 o'clock Pastor Harris of the Baptist church will preach on "The Traveller's Consolation." At 7 o'clock the sermon will be to the boys and men specially of Crockett. The pastor and the church extend a cordial invitation to all.

We base our confidence in our future prosperity on a determination to give efficient service and courteous treatment to all our patrons, because these things have contributed so largely to our past success.

Shupak Tailoring Co.

W. P. Connor was in Crockett Wednesday and reported that there was no election held at Tadmor Tuesday. Mr. Connor is the election manager at Tadmor, but gets his mail at Ratchiff. This caused confusion and the failure of Mr. Connor to get the necessary blanks and documents to be used in holding the election.

Clothing doesn't always make the man, but the book is often taken by its cover, and we make clothing that gives that air of style and refinement sought by a gentleman by fitting him out with the most exclusive and serviceable styles. Shupak Tailoring Co.

FOR YOUR

Thanksgiving

Oysters

SEE

F. B. Webb

At the Bakery.

GET AN

Elfie Fay

Cigar

The Best 5 cent Smoke in Town

At MURCHISON & BEASLEY'S.

All the world loves a lover and every lady likes a well-dressed gentleman. Let Shupak Tailoring Co. make, clean and press your clothes and you will never again feel uncomfortable in the presence of well-dressed ladies and gentlemen. Shupak Tailoring Co.

Dr. F. B. Atmar and Miss Leila Templeton were married at the residence of Mrs. E. A. Nichols Sunday evening at about 8:30 o'clock. Rev. S. F. Tenney, pastor of the First Presbyterian church of this city, performed the ceremony. The wedding was a very quiet affair, only a few very close friends of the couple being present. They have been receiving the congratulations and best wishes of their friends this week.

You don't know a good overcoat 'til you've worn a tailor-made—

If you have never had an overcoat that fitted perfectly.

If the coat collar has always sagged away down from neck.

If the backbone seams have not followed the backbone of the body.

If your coat has always lost its lines of style after a little wear—

Then you never had a perfectly tailored coat.

A Miller overcoat, made for use by expert tailors, will stand the wear of years—and still will have the "faultless" look of master tailoring.

Come in and look at my beautiful assortment of overcoatings—and the swell styles for this season. An overcoat made to your order for no more than the ready-made price.

JOHN MILLAR

TAILOR AND FURNISHER

NEXT TO POSTOFFICE

The First of Many Visits.

On Monday, Nov. 9, the Emery Stock Co. will open an engagement in our city for the first time, but not for the last. This is the first season of the company south, but from this year on the management intends touring the "Lone Star State" every season.

The company will open the engagement in one of the most beautiful stories ever told. The play, "Her Wedding Day," is laid in New England and is brim-full of pathos and comedy. High-class specialties will be introduced between acts by recognized vaudeville artists.

The management has spared no time or money in making this an attraction for the people, and if past success means anything they have so far succeeded.

FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR
Cures Colds Prevents Pneumonia

Money to Loan.

We make a specialty of loans on land and to farmers. We buy vendors lien notes and any other good paper. If you want to borrow money you will DO WELL to call and get our terms before placing your loan. We buy and sell real estate.

WARFIELD BROTHERS,

Office North Side Public Square, Crockett, Texas

DAN WRIGHT KILLED.

A Notoriously Bad Negro Is Killed by Buck Shaw.

Last Saturday, at or near Weldon, Buck Shaw, a planter on the Trinity river, shot and killed Dan Wright, a notoriously bad negro. Shaw claims self-defense. He gave up to the officers at Lovelady and is under bond for the killing.

Gentry Brothers' Shows.

Dame Nature herself seems to have been outdone by the Gentry Brothers, the monarchs of the trained animal show world. This unusual condition is found in the performance which is given by a monkey, a pig, a dog, a house cat and the lowly sheep.

These animals, so different in their natures, have been reconciled to each other, and the most unique part of their performance is that wherein the house cat plays leap frog with a monster Newfoundland. The pig and the sheep play a game of football, and the monkey, the greatest mimic in the world, is the referee of this unique event.

This is but one of the many thoroughly entertaining features of the enlarged Gentry Brothers' shows. The Gentry shows this year are united. That is because it is their jubilee year—namely, their twentieth season on the road. This banner season eclipses all others of the past, and the Gentry shows as presented this year are as mountains compared with mole hills when one recalls the past.

The Gentry shows will visit Crockett Friday, Nov. 6. They come heralded by the press and pulpit as the best shows ever given under canvas. That really is the Gentry Brothers trade mark, and they guard it as carefully as they do their railroad trains. The Gentry Brothers' shows this year are an everchanging kaleidoscope of wonders and at their two performances in Crockett it is believed crowds worthy of their institution will be on hand to welcome them.

Foley's Honey and Tar clears the air passages, stops the irritation in the throat, soothes the inflamed membranes, and the most obstinate cough disappears. Sore and inflamed lungs are healed and strengthened, and the cold is expelled from the system. Refuse any but the genuine in the yellow package. McLean's Drug Store.

THE UNLUCKY NUMBER.

Thirteen Prisoners Are in the County Jail—Thirteen Are Unlucky.

The register at the big hotel kept by Houston county's jailer, Mr. Sam Pridgen, disclosed the fact that there were thirteen guests of that boarding institution Tuesday.

Mr. Pridgen furnished the Courier a list of the prisoners, together with the color and crime of each. The list is as follows:

- Della Majors, negress, for murder.
- Rich Majors, negro, for murder.
- Fletcher Evans, negro, for burglary.
- Mack McGraw, white, assault on murder.
- Arthur Guynes, white, forgery.
- George Gaynes, negro, disturbance.
- Jim Williams, negro, gaming.
- Pot Gilder, negro, gaming.
- Perry Holly, negro, assault on murder.
- Will Carr, negro, hog theft.
- Dick Barnett, negro, cattle theft.
- Joe Whitlock, negro, burglary.

Oil News.

Judge A. A. Aldrich went out to the recently-discovered oil well, on the land of Geo. W. Crook and W. V. Berry, Saturday and brought back a large quantity of the oil with him. He says there is no mistake about the well producing oil and thinks that development is all that is necessary. He has sent samples to oil experts at different points over the state and has faith in its being pronounced a fine grade. All who have visited this well are expecting great things when the field is developed.

The marvel of to-day becomes the matter of fact of tomorrow. It does not seem to some of us so very long since we wondered at the audacious flights of imagination of Jules Verne, when he pictured a trip around the world in eighty days. Yet it is a fact that the passenger may now take forty days' vacation, and accomplish the Jules Verne feat with plenty of stopping time on the route. The statistics of this trip come from London, and the compiler of them asks merely that the Cunard steamships shall make their calls at an English Channel port. He figures out the run as follows: Leave New York Saturday by the "Lusitania"; land at Plymouth the following Thursday, reaching London in time to catch the evening train for Berlin. Leaving Berlin Friday evening, the traveler reaches Moscow Sunday morning. He would be at Vladivostok, on the Pacific, the following Thursday week; and, leaving there on the next Saturday evening, would be landed at Tsuruga, Japan, on the Monday following. Taking train across to Yokohama, he would catch the Canadian Pacific steamer, sailing the same day, and reach Vancouver twelve days later. Then taking the Great Northern Limited to St. Paul, the Northwest Limited to Chicago, and the Twentieth Century limited for New York, he would reach his starting point at 9:30 on Thursday morning, having taken less than forty days for this 20,000-mile journey.—Scientific American.

Optical Goods

WE CAN FIT YOU

J. A. BRICKER
THE JEWELER.

Butterick
Patterns
10 and 15c

Jas. S. Shivers & Co.

Butterick
Patterns
10 and 15c

Where Quality Dwells.

With this week we begin another month. Last one was a very busy one here. Let's make this one busier still. We'll do our part—have the stock and low prices to start in on, all we need is your co-operation—of course that will be forthcoming. Read our advertisement, let it be your shopping guide, cut it out and bring it with you; we want you to see and know that we have the goods we advertise. We are particular not to overrate, consequently you'll see goods in the store with better eyes than you see them in this advertisement. Remember the low price road leads straight to our store.

Warm Blankets and Comforts.

Our special sale last month cleaned us out on some lines and on others it left us pretty low—still there are splendid values left for those who failed to come during the sale.

- \$7.00 1 1-4 wool "Violet" blanket, taffeta edges, double fleeced..... **5.00**
- \$3.50 1 1-4 mixed "Woodbine" blanket..... **2.50**
- \$2.50 1 2-4 heavy cotton "Alliance" blanket..... **1.50**
- \$1.00 "Nomad" cotton blanket..... **65c**
- \$1.25 "Weldon" cotton blanket..... **75c**
- \$1.75 "Cactus" cotton blanket..... **43c**

New Skirts, Pretty Made.

These come to us direct from New York, and they embrace every new idea in the way of making and trimmings. Let us show these to you, as we cannot picture on paper how they really look, but they look like they are worth more than we sell them for. **11.50**
Prices from \$2.00 up to..

Don't You Want a Better Pair of Shoes?

We have the ones you want, whether it be man, woman or child—you may rest assured you'll receive your money's worth or your money back. Polish and paint cover up many a defect in a shoe, therefore, we say trade here, because our guarantee protects you. We have for women—

- The Society—vici patent leather at..... **3.50**
- The Quaker—vici patent leather at..... **3.25**
- The Quaker—patent chro-leather blucher..... **3.50**
- The Mayflower—patent chro-leather blucher..... **3.00**
- The Greatest—vici, half double sole, patent tip..... **2.25**
- The Music—vici, half double sole, patent tip..... **2.00**
- The Sensation—vici, common sense toe..... **1.75**

Underwear for Men, Women and Children.

Women's union suits—we show a nice, heavy ribbed fleeced, in natural or white, for..... **1.00**
Suits for children in all styles of garments, but the best thing for winter wear are the union suits. We have them for 25c, 50c and..... **1.00**

Hosiery for Papa, Mamma, Kate, Willie and the Baby.

We are prepared to sell you hosiery for the entire family—no matter what the quality (if good) or color, we have it. Now, there's nothing more expensive or that causes ill feeling more than poor hosiery. That complaint we never have. Our prices are 8¢, 10c, 15c, 20c, 25c, 35c and..... **50c**

Remember the "Big Store," where quality dwells.

What a Dollar Will Buy Here.

- 20 yards of calico.
- 25 yards of cotton checks.
- 20 yards of bleached domestic.
- 25 yards of brown domestic.
- 20 yards of apron checks.
- 1 pair of Headlight overalls.
- 1 pair of heavy work pants.
- 12 hanks of Shetland floss.
- 1 suit of heavy fleeced men's underwear.
- 2 good heavy work shirts.

Cloaks Are Selling Readily at This Store.

- \$12.50 black kersey, elegantly trimmed..... **10.50**
 - \$11.50 castor kersey, elegantly trimmed..... **8.25**
 - \$10.00 black kersey, elegantly trimmed..... **8.00**
 - \$7.50 Cravenette rain coats for..... **5.00**
- Also a beautiful line of browns, blacks, grays and navies, ranging in price from \$5.00 down to..... **2.98**



The Crockett Courier

W. W. AIKEN, Editor and Proprietor.

PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.

Obituaries, resolutions, cards of thanks and other "matter not news" will be charged for at the rate of 5c per line. Parties ordering advertising or printing for societies, churches, committees or organizations of any kind will, in all cases, be held personally responsible for the payment of the bill.

CAMPBELL AHEAD OF BRYAN AT CROCKETT.

This Precinct Voted for the School Tax Amendment and Against the Other Two.

The two voting boxes at Crockett show the following result in Tuesday's election:

For school tax amendment, 200; against, 97.

For redistricting commissioners' precincts, 54; against, 191.

For increasing salary of governor, 63; against, 194.

For Bryan electors, 360.

For Taft electors, 123.

For Campbell, 365.

For Simpson, 128.

The vote at Hatch is reported as follows:

For public free school amendment, 52; against, 63. For commissioners' precinct amendment, 10; against, 99. For salaries amendment, 0; against, 102. Bryan, 102; Taft, 11. Campbell, 102; Simpson, 9.

Consumption Statistics

prove that a neglected cold or cough puts the lungs in so bad a condition that consumption germs find a fertile field for fastening on one. Stop the cough just as soon as it appears with Ballard's Horebound Syrup. Soothes the torn and inflamed tissues and makes you well again. Sold by Murchison & Beasley.

Late Returns Show W. H. Taft Elected

Indication Is That Complexion of National House Is Practically Unchanged.

New York, November 3.—The indications are that the following votes will be cast in the electoral college for Taft:

- California 10, Connecticut 7, Delaware 3, Idaho 3, Illinois 27, Indiana 15, Iowa 13, Kansas 10, Maine 6, Massachusetts 16, Michigan 14, Minnesota 11, New Hampshire 4, New Jersey 12, New York 39, North Dakota 4, Ohio 23, Oregon 4, Pennsylvania 34, Rhode Island 4, South Dakota 4, Utah 3, Vermont 4, Washington 5, West Virginia 7, Wisconsin 13, Wyoming 3, total 298.

BRYAN RAN AHEAD OF CAMPBELL.

School Tax Amendment Carried—Redistricting Amendment in Doubt and Salaries Amendment Lost.

Galveston, Texas, November 4.—The returns thus far received by the News give the result in Texas as follows:

- For school tax amendment, 53,659; against, 18,158.
- For redistricting amendment, 30,663; against, 26,096.
- For salaries amendment, 21,996; against, 40,586.
- Bryan, 93,797; Taft 28,836.
- Campbell, 92,153; Simpson 28,348.

Of the counties which have so far been heard from Taft and Simpson carried only the following: Webb, Guadalupe, Kendall, Refugio, Medina, Bexar, Bandera, Kerr, Kendall and Comal. Undoubtedly there are a few other counties among those yet to be heard from in which the Republicans won.

BILLY SUNDAY'S GREAT WORK.

Receives \$7279 in Two Free-Will Offerings at Revival.

Jacksonville, Ill., Nov. 1.—Billy Sunday, the baseball evangelist, closed a five weeks' meeting here to-night. In two free-will offerings to-day he received \$7276. The people started to take the third offering to night, when the evangelist entered the tabernacle and stopped the tellers. Finally the evening offering, at the suggestion of the evangelist, was given to a hospital.

Sunday has caused 2542 professions of conversion, and 20,000 people heard him today. Every saloon in Jacksonville has closed its doors, and fifteen saloon proprietors are enjoying liberty through the sufferance of the

judge of the Circuit Court. It has been the greatest Gospel clean-up Jacksonville has ever seen.

Winter blasts, causing pneumonia, pleurisy and consumption will soon be here. Cure your cough now, and strengthen your lungs with Foley's Honey and Tar. Do not risk starting the winter with weak lungs, when Foley's Honey and Tar will cure the most obstinate coughs and colds, and prevent

serious results. McLean's Drug Store.

Raw Lungs.

When the lungs are sore and inflamed, the germs of pneumonia and consumption find lodgment and multiply. Foley's Honey and Tar kills the cough germs, cures the most obstinate racking cough, heals the lungs, and prevents serious results. The genuine is in the yellow package. McLean's Drug Store.

AMUSEMENTS.

A Whole Week of Comedy

BEGINNING

Monday 9 November

AT THE

CROCKETT OPERA HOUSE

The Emery Stock Co.

Supporting Miss Marie Vaughn in High-Class Comedies and Dramas. Change of Plays Each and Every Night. Specialties Between Acts.

REMEMBER THE DATE

Week Beginning Nov. 9

Seats on Sale at Sweet's Drug Store.